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JOHN C. CORT

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A Conversational Letter

JOHN COGLEY

The New Encyclical

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

VOLUME LXXXI, NO. 1 SEPTEMBER 25, 1964 TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

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THE COMMONWEAL
232 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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Second-class postage paid in Norwalk, Conn. Printed in the U.S.A. and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and from mid-July to mid-September, at 116 Main St., Norwalk, Conn., by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. MUrray Hill 3-2042.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Vatican II: Part III

IN A SPEECH the day before the opening of the third session of the Council, Pope Paul observed that "This event has awakened great hopes and has aroused also some fantasy and dreaming, as if one could gather its fruits immediately. The things of the Kingdom of God come only slowly and in silence. This is not to say that we should not greatly hope; but we must pray much." There were those who saw in these words a breath of caution, perhaps even the faintest trace of an admonition to zealous progressives to temper their drive for a rapid renewal.

It is hard to fault the Pope's judgment: the Church does move slowly; the fruits of the Council will take years, perhaps decades to ripen. But if one is to hope, is it not also right to hope that the Church will find ways of moving more quickly, ways of bringing its dreams to fruition before they are buried in the wake of history? Even now we have dreams which generations long dead should have had. In the perspective of history, they are sudden dreams, the bursting forth of a sub-conscious life in the Church which could not have been foretold even twenty years ago. They are good dreams, not fantasies.

There is the dream of a Church which will not have a troubled conscience because of its share in spreading the virus of anti-Semitism. Here one hopes that the Council Fathers will find it in themselves to declare that the Church repudiates the worn, but still dangerous, charge that the Jews as a people are forever implicated in the crucifixion of Christ. If one is looking for a fantasy, the ancient charge that the Jews are "God-killers" will do perfectly. It is nonsense on the face of it, but no more nonsensical than the apparent position of some of the fathers who would gladly affirm their opposition to anti-Semitism but not to the notion that the Jews are a deicide people. They would prune the tree of its briars but efficiently enough not to pull out its roots.

There is the dream of a Church which will affirm in unmistakable terms the freedom of man's conscience, his right to religious liberty. One does not ask much here, no more at any rate than the same liberty for non-Catholics which Catholics have always claimed for themselves: the right to believe as one's conscience dictates; the right to publicly profess one's faith even when that faith represents a minority position; the right to expect from the State a sensitivity to the integrity of all men, even when that State is "Catholic," as some now still fancy themselves here and there. Begone the ghost of the *Syllabus of Errors;* but begone also that half-reformed child of the *Syllabus,* the distinction between "thesis and hypothesis."

THERE IS the dream of a Church in which a permanent "Senate of Bishops" in Rome will replace, or at least put in the shade, the Curia. Pope Paul has called upon the fathers to clarify their collegiality, to complement the decree of Vatican I on the papacy with a comparable decree on the episcopacy. It is not an enviable task, for how does one go about giving the body of the bishops a decisive place in the Church when Vatican I made it appear that the Pope already has all important powers in his hands? It will take the Holy Spirit to unravel that puzzle.

There is the dream of a Church genuinely dedicated to ecumenical progress. Here, happily, is a dream which has shown signs of coming to life in the past few years. One can only note with joy the great advances which have been made in the relations of Catholics and Protestants. No large doctrinal issues have been resolved, but in the solvent of a growing common charity and respect, in the mutual insights which Protestant and Catholic theologians have given each other of late, one can see before one's eyes a revolution in the making. It

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is a revolution with important implications for two other dreams.

There is the dream of a Church which knows her own nature: a Church pained by its separation from other Christian churches, pained by the lingering vestiges of a dependence upon the political power of "Christendom" to sustain its spiritual power, pained by a narcissistic tendency toward triumphalism, pained by her proneness to think of the Church only as the magisterium and not as the whole People of God. What will it be for the Church to know herself? Here is where dreams fail; they are notoriously scant on details. The Fathers will have to fill them in.

Just how they do so will have a vital bearing on the dream of a Church which will have a meaning in the world and for the world. Can the Church find within itself the power and the courage to speak to a world which has grown weary of religion? Can it say something to those hungry men in the underdeveloped nations? Can it say something to those married couples struggling to be responsible parents, to those nations seeking ways to limit their population for the sake of those now living and those as yet not born? Can it say something to those economists and political scientists wrestling with automation and technological change? Can it? It must. Behind dreams lie nightmares.

Revolt in Vietnam

IT WOULD be comforting to think that the failure of the latest rebellion in Saigon is an index to the stability of Khanh's regime. But it is more accurate to say that the insurgents simply exceeded him in ineptitude. Except for the result, the pattern was familiar: the "surprise" expressed by American officials, the lack of any popular mandate in Vietnam, the calls for a fresh look at a deteriorating situation.

Any fresh look should exclude the notion that Vietnam will keep until after the November election. With the Viet Cong apparently beginning a new push, and with the weakness of the Saigon regime underlined once more, the situation would seem to call for some new gesture to help halt the decline. Even if negotiation after the election is the aim, some steps must be taken to assure that something is left with which to negotiate.

More U. S. troops would not be as simple-minded a step as the journals keep telling us. For domestic political reasons, of course, President Johnson would prefer to avoid any action that might enhance Vietnam as a Republican campaign issue, and call further attention to how badly the struggle is going both politically and militarily.

First, new troops might help stabilize the political situation by pacifying those who see a tide of neutralist sentiment in the rise of the Buddhists. More importantly, perhaps, they would represent an attempt to halt the decline in morale among South Vietnamese soldiers, who are accustomed to seeing their generals more interested in fighting one another than in grappling with the guerrilla enemy.

Large numbers of U. S. troops would not necessarily be needed. S. L. A. Marshall suggests that five or six regimental combat teams, properly equipped with light armor and scout cars, might be enough to make a decisive difference. It would not require the kind of basic policy change that the President would like so much to avoid during the current campaign. It would not be an intervention or require a declaration, since American soldiers are already on combat duty in the Vietnamese war. What new American field forces could do, as Marshall argues, is to open roads, keep them clear, rig night ambushes, and possibly take over as a main striking force. Most of all, they might reawaken the zest for battle that the Vietnamese Army once had. Without this, no commitment of U. S. troops, no matter how large, will be of much long-term value.

Then, too, it seems that the Administration might take a firmer line with Premier Khanh. It was apparently on American advice that Khanh moved so quickly to consolidate his power, and thus had to pay for it in the form of student riots, the triumvirate, and, perhaps also, the recent rebellion. Khanh's attempts to placate the Buddhists are understandable, but the U. S. might press for some parallel concern for the Catholics and other Vietnamese who have been the victims of Buddhist aggression. The ousting of General Lam Van Phat, who was regarded as the cabinet's protector of the Catholic minority, did not seem like a particularly adroit move, and nearly brought down the entire regime. In addition, it is not merely a well-meaning liberal slogan, but a political fact of life in Vietnam, that no regime will gain the long-sought popular approval until it shows a willingness to protect the rights of every citizen, and not merely those who are the best organized or who generate the most noise.

Brief Breathing Spell

EDUARDO FREI's decisive electoral victory presents an opportunity which, if neglected, could be short-lived. His wide margin over the Marxist candidate comes at a time when all O. A. S. nations save

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Mexico have broken off relations with Cuba, but the danger of a Communist takeover in the other Americas is far from past.

Chile has the second worst case of the many Latin American countries ravaged by inflation. Both farm and industry are woefully underproductive. Vast sums of capital are needed for drastic agrarian reform and industrial expansion. The typical social ills of economic injustice, lack of food, wretched housing, and the rest are widespread there. The masses have been held back not only by Chile's small wealthy class but also by the efforts of the big American copper and nitrate companies to get raw copper and nitrates out of the country as cheaply as possible.

Senator Frei is bent on thorough-going social reform and can hardly tackle the needs of his people without modifying the present set-up substantially. He intends to regulate the copper companies, have all Chilean copper refined at home and expand copper exports by sales beyond the Iron Curtain. He also plans to break up the big landed estates and institute a national housing program. Moreover, by next March the new President will be seriously challenged by Chile's congressional elections.

If wise, Washington has little choice but to support the Frei program. It will not only *not* oppose whatever steps he takes affecting American business but will supply further credit to stabilize the peso, will furnish new capital through grants and loans, offer wider technical aid and encourage various private agencies. In Chile and neighboring lands far-reaching social reform of the Frei variety probably represents a last chance for the languishing Alliance for Progress. This Christian Democratic electoral victory brings new possibilities and imparts renewed urgency to the long-vital task of finding for their own sake humanly acceptable solutions for the exploited, neglected peoples of Latin America.

A Commonweal Founder

JOHN FALVEY McCORMICK, first Business Manager of The COMMONWEAL, died in New York, September 4. After several years as Catholic editor at Macmillan he helped organize this new American journal of opinion, to be edited by Michael Williams. At the time of his death Mr. McCormick was a vice president of the Kelly, Nason advertising agency. During the Commonweal's first precarious fourteen years it was he who enabled it to keep publishing in spite of recurring financial difficulties. Present-day readers are consequently greatly in his debt. May he rest in peace.

Managing the News

THE AMERICAN press panel at the Vatican Council was set up by the U. S. bishops after a clamor from reporters for some help in making sense out of the familiar secrecy and unfamiliar theology of Conciliar Rome. Panel members were chosen on the basis of competence, and most of them turned out to be "open door" thinkers. Father Francis Connell was often the only one serving up ancient theological prescriptions for the "closed door" side.

Now, however, under the aegis of Archbishop McGucken of San Francisco, head of the National Catholic Welfare Conference press department, the "closed door" side has taken control. Father Gustave Weigel, S. J., has died, and Father Eugene Maly, the Scripture scholar, was unable to return for the third session. At least three other "open door" panel experts have been purged by the conservatives: Father John B. Sheerin, C.S.P., editor of the *Catholic World,* Msgr. George Higgins of the NCWC Social Action Department, and Father Bernard Häring, C.S.S.R., who is regarded as the Church's leading moral theologian. The status of Father George H. Tavard, at this writing, is in doubt.

Their places have been taken by Father John King, O.M.I., a strongly conservative theologian from Catholic U., and personal advisor to Archbishop Vagnozzi; Msgr. Mark Hurley, a moderate, who is chancellor of the Stockton, Cal., diocese; and Msgr. George Shea, New Jersey seminary rector and Mariologist who recently delivered a long series of harangues against Hans Küng in the pages of the Newark *Advocate.*

Elmer Von Feldt of NCWC News, who has been installed as the new moderator, insists that all he wants is a balance between "liberals" and "conservatives." But something more is involved. Last Friday, Von Feldt was still looking around for acceptable "liberals" after Fathers Sheerin, Higgins and Häring had been thrown off the panel.

These developments seem like another pathetic attempt to control what the general press writes about the Council. Von Feldt has been talking about "tightening up regulations" at the press conferences and "keeping out unauthorized personnel." The reporters, who were highly pleased with last year's panel, were not consulted on the shifts, and are likely to press for a substitute panel that is more interested in meeting their needs than in defending yesterday's formulas. "You can't keep the press from the news," said one of the purged. "One way or another it will get the story." JOHN LEO

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Stamping Out Peace

POPE PAUL is in the best papal tradition with his recent plea for world peace; such appeals have come to be expected. In modern times these papal efforts have often been found in the popes' messages at Christmas, a natural time for peacemaking efforts. Such peace messages normally involve more than pious exhortation—indeed, the best of them are constructed more or less like encyclicals; they involve careful analysis of the nature of threats to peace and reasoned, eminently practical prescriptions for the here and now.

It is possible to attach too much weight to these papal peace messages, of course; they should not be used as a club to beat others over the head, any more than the social encyclicals should. But only very rarely and with very few people has there been much danger of this. A more real problem has been that the average Catholic has paid scant attention to either encyclicals or papal peace messages.

Take, for instance, the question of international organization. The modern popes have all deplored nationalism and favored international organization as a means for keeping the peace. As far as I can see, this fact has never inhibited conservative Catholic publications and Catholics from pounding super-patriotic anti-U.N. drums. If pushed to the wall, these people might have been willing to admit that Catholic tradition favored the idea of a community of nations and the rule of international law. But not here and not now, they would insist; international organization, yes—the United Nations, never.

This is the kind of thing that bothers me. We should not, certainly, try to involve the Church or the popes in partisan politics. At the same time papal peace programs and traditional moral teaching on war cannot be considered only in a pious vacuum; we must make some attempt to apply them to the specific situations we face or they become meaningless. We must apply them even though this year such an effort inevitably seems partisan because of the candidacy of Senator Barry Goldwater.

This is not to say that it is easy to pin down Mr. Goldwater's views, on foreign policy or anything else. On the same day that Pope Paul spoke on peace, for example, Senator Goldwater used a press conference to give his views on the situation in Asia. He had long believed, the Senator said, that "talks with Red China might be profitable" to end the war in South Vietnam. If he were elected President, he indicated, he "would be willing" to allow such talks, although he himself would not personally participate in them.

Without going into the difficulties of actual negotiations with Communist China, Mr. Goldwater had a point. Communist China is certainly a fact; she will not go away because we pretend she does not exist. As happens so often with the Senator, however, all was not as it seemed. Soon Mr. Goldwater issued a further explanation of his remarks, and the "explanation" bore little resemblance to what he had originally said.

Senator Goldwater, it turned out, did not really mean negotiations with the Chinese at all—he meant an ultimatum, a warning that unless they stopped supplying North Vietnam, the United States would take "some specific action." When the Senator had referred to negotiation, his spokesman said, he meant "negotiation in the sense that you tell them what you're going to do if they don't stop."

This was bad enough. Even more disturbing were Senator Goldwater's comments on nuclear weapons, made in a speech that same week. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the Senator said, should be given a stock of what he termed small "conventional nuclear weapons." Since NATO has for some years had such a stockpile, Senator Goldwater apparently meant that control over the use of these weapons should be transferred out of the hands of the United States, where it now rests.

In his speech Senator Goldwater referred to "battleground" weapons and argued that small, tactical nuclear arms must be considered conventional. However, defense officials say that some nuclear weapons officially described as tactical are in fact two or three times as powerful as those which destroyed Hiroshima. Whichever view is correct—and the difference is substantial—the central point, to me, is that no nuclear weapon should be considered conventional, regardless of size. To abandon the principle that nuclear weapons must be put in a class by themselves is to depart from the moral tradition of restricting and limiting violence wherever possible—"civilizing" it, if you will. To suggest that nuclear weapons should be employed in any brushfire struggle at the discretion of the local commander shows a frightening insensitivity to what large-scale thermonuclear war would mean to the world.

This is a serious charge, but I make it seriously. Nothing about Senator Goldwater worries me as much as his attitude toward peace and war. As a military slogan, his "Why Not Victory?" may persuade some, but to me it is dangerous nonsense, for it ignores the central fact: in a thermonuclear war there would be no victory for either side. And one sure way to invite a large-scale thermonuclear war is to treat any nuclear weapon as "conventional," as Senator Goldwater wants us to do.

JAMES O' GARA

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The Peace Corps Project in the Philippines Has Been the Largest in the World

Eight Hundred Americans

JOHN C. CORT

BEHIND the ship the albatrosses glide on scimitar wings, searching for garbage. For days on end they are the only thing you can see beyond the ship, the sea and the sky. Going out by plane, at five hundred miles per hour, you could not begin to appreciate how far you and the Volunteers had come from home. Now, nearly two and a half years later, looking back across the Pacific as the ship plows steadily at twenty knots toward California, you try to organize your thoughts about the Peace Corps in the Philippines and what it all meant.

Nearly eight hundred American Volunteers have gone to the Philippines to teach English, science and math and to work in community development. It has been the largest Peace Corps project in the world. Most Volunteers have completed their two-year terms and returned, many taking the long road back through Europe. They have worked in small village schools and in large universities. They have lived in remote island villages, eating fish and rice, sleeping in nipa huts, burned by the sun, drenched by the rain. Some have lived in the cities, horrified to find that they had all the comforts of home, including television. Some have taught students who are obviously going to be the leaders and thinkers of tomorrow; others have beat their brains out trying to teach children who obviously weren't going anywhere, who would be planting rice and watching cockfights for the rest of their lives, just as their fathers had done for hundreds of years before them.

One of the Volunteers, a young man named Dave Lewis, invented a bamboo and sawali windmill, just like somebody out of *"The Ugly American,"* a thing that any farmer could put together for 150 pesos—about $38—as compared with 3000 pesos for a manufactured one, a thing that might, perhaps, revolutionize the irrigation and production of rice. But most of the Volunteers, there as throughout the world, were working in the schools and left no visible monuments. Carlos Romulo learned his lessons from a Thomasite, one of the American precursors of the Volunteers, and went on to become president of the United Nations General Assembly. His teacher lived to see it and it must have compensated for much of the heartache, frustration and disappointment that she suffered when Carlos and his classmates were small, shy and difficult.

Good teaching anywhere is based on an act of faith in the future of your students. At Harvard or the Sorbonne the act of faith is easy, but in the Philippines many of the Volunteers did not find it so, especially when assigned to small country schools where it was evident that most of the children would not graduate from the sixth grade and only a handful would go on to high school.

These assignments were made at the request of Filipino school officials on the laudable theory that the opportunity for instruction should be spread as widely as possible among those who had the greatest need. Peace Corps officials agreed, partly for this reason and partly because they were attracted by the chance to give a dramatic example of Americans living and working with the poorest of the poor. This example made a tremendous impact throughout the country, as it has throughout the world. The spectacle of Volunteers living in the villages, often in nipa huts, on a regular teacher's pay (about $60 a month) has impressed every class of Filipino, including the intellectuals, particularly since it runs counter to the stereotype of the rich American living in a magnificent house in Manila and associating only with other Americans and rich *mestizos*.

But the assignment was a problem, especially at first. The Volunteers assigned to the elementary schools were supposed to be teachers' aides, not replacing the Filipino teachers or taking over classes, but helping them teach, improving their knowledge of English and the "second language" method of teaching it, promoting inductive methods of teaching science and math, and instructing the teachers in simple science experiments that would use the materials and the flora and fauna readily at hand—the kind of approach that would encourage the children to think for themselves and start using the scientific method in grappling with the problems of everyday life. But practically, in everyday classroom terms, the role was ambiguous and awkward. Some of the Filipino teachers were uncomfortable with the strange Americans in class with them.

JOHN C. CORT, formerly one of the editors of The Commonweal, as well as a regular columnist, recently returned from his Peace Corps work in the Philippines.

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Later the role was revised and clarified. Volunteers became "co-teachers" and were given more classroom responsibility. Schools were selected more carefully. The trend was away from the small village school and the isolated Volunteer to the larger central school and Volunteers working in teams of specialists, preferably near a high school and normal school where Volunteers were also working. This was called "the cluster approach."

MOST of the Volunteers were fresh out of college, about half men and half women; a few were retired school teachers and older persons. A minority were married when they came, though without children. Some Volunteers married each other, more than a score married Filipinos. The Filipino male is handsome and romantic, skilled in the arts of courtship and love. The Filipina is lovely and, as one of my Volunteers put it, "There's all that femininity *throbbing* at you."

Not all of the Volunteers have welcomed the trend from the small farming or fishing village into the larger towns. In every group there are country mice as well as city mice, and indeed it did not take a country mouse to appreciate the beauty and the charm of life in many of the smallest, most remote Filipino villages.

I remember my first field assignment after spending a few weeks on office duty in Manila, a fascinating city in many ways but like all big cities prone to noise and traffic and dirt, and, in addition, hot. I was visiting Volunteers in southern Luzon along the coast of Camarines Norte. It was a beautiful morning. The school was on a hill overlooking the town and the blue water of the bay. As I climbed the steep path a cool breeze came in across the water and I stopped to admire the white curve of the beach through the palm trees, the row of nipa huts that lined the beach, and the sight of a bronze, barelegged fisherman out in the bay, his legs spread far apart as he stood in his outrigger *banca* and with a wide sweeping motion cast his net into the sea. It was a scene of almost artificial beauty, like an ad in *Holiday*.

In the school above I watched the Volunteer, a young Dartmouth graduate named Parker Borg, teach a class of ragged, barefoot kids in a primitive dirt-floor classroom. Parker had divided the class into two teams and was teaching multiplication by means of involving everybody in an ingenious game of arithmetical baseball. The competition was keen and the excitement grew intense as the lead swung back and forth. The relation of strikeouts (mistakes) to runs (correct answers) was pretty high, but Parker told me that only a few months ago it had been much worse. He seemed pleased and encouraged. As I looked at him and out through the window at his beautiful view I could understand the attraction of the boondocks for many Volunteers.

Of course down in the shacks at the bottom of the hill the beauty of the setting could not always compensate for the less attractive aspects of existence in a poor village. One Volunteer, a pretty girl named Sue Johnson, was reminded of this one day when she was teaching her children the words of an old English song which she wrote on the board as follows: "Meat nor drink nor money have I none, Yet still I will be merry . . ." A small boy stood up in the back of the room and said simply, "Why?"

This is, however, one of the reasons Peace Corps Volunteers are going out to those countries of the world, nearly fifty of them now, the have-not countries of the Southern Hemisphere in Asia, Africa and South America where so many people don't have enough meat or drink or money. They are going out to see if they can't contribute something toward increasing the supply of meat, drink, and money. They are trying to understand why it is that so many of the people and the children can be merry in spite of the fact that they have so little meat, drink or money. They are trying to understand why there isn't enough for all men to have that minimum of meat, drink and money which St. Thomas says is necessary for the good life, not simply the good life of the body, but the good life of the mind and the soul, which surely includes a certain degree of merriment.

Many of the Volunteers do get depressed by the harsh conditions of life into which they are thrown. However, since they expected this, this is not usually the big problem. The big problem is impatience, impatience with the results of their own work, with what they think is a lack of energy or interest on the part of the people, the oh-so-typical impatience of the West with the East.

But the West-East dichotomy is misleading. It is really the North and the South. The Japanese and the Chinese have some if not all of the same impatience with the Asians of the South. It is the impatience of the temperate zone with the torrid zone. We Americans are only the worst of the lot, in respect to driving energy, ambition, and demand for practical results over the short run. So the Volunteers go to these hot countries and find themselves slowing down under the impact of the heat and the slower, easier way of life. But enough momentum of the old energy and the old

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ambition remains so that some cannot find it in themselves to make allowances for the effect of the tropics on people who have lived there all their lives and whose ancestors have lived there hundreds of years, and even thousands of years. For it is true that in another sense life *is* easier in the tropics. Fuel for heat is no problem, warm clothing is no problem, shelter is a minor problem as compared with countries where it is important to keep out the cold. And in many parts of the country it is true that you can pick a banana or a coconut off a tree, or drop in on a relative and exploit his obligation to feed you for weeks, months or even years.

IN THE cities you find people who hustle, plenty of them. Life is more competitive. The middle class is growing. Industry is growing. New plants are going up. The number of cars and paved roads is increasing. When we first moved into our house in Quezon City outside Manila, all the roads in our neighborhood were dirt. When we left, twenty-eight months later, all of them had been hard-topped, and I don't just mean a few but scores, miles and miles of them. All around the circumference of Manila new factories and office buildings. and handsome new houses, are being built. There *is* progress.

But out in the provinces the Volunteers, most of them don't see this. And for them the breakthrough point comes when they finally develop patience and tolerance. As one Volunteer put it, "We learned how to settle for day-to-day improvements."

And some Volunteers learned how to settle for no visible improvements to speak of, but just for the satisfaction of knowing that they had done their best and made their act of faith that someday, somewhere one of these shy little kids, because of something he had learned, would do something that would move this country closer to its goal of full prosperity, justice and freedom.

One day we were sitting in our regional office in Quezon City talking to a group of visiting Japanese experts who were studying our operations so that they could make recommendations toward the setting up of a Japanese equivalent of the Peace Corps. I had invited several Volunteers to be present and one of them was a remarkable young man named Al Bradford who had been unusually happy and successful in his work, a genius on the flute and also at the art of making friends and influencing people without even seeming to try.

The visitors, as so many do, were asking the Volunteers what they had found to be their principal difficulty. Al stated the problem in a different way. He said, "My main difficulty was teaching myself to accept the Filipinos as human beings like myself." For a second I thought, "Al, couldn't you have found a more original way to put that?" But the visitors were more impressed. Perhaps it was the complete sincerity with which Bradford said it, the feeling he conveyed that this ancient platitude had real meaning for him, that for him Peace Corps was neither a weapon in the cold war, nor an inexpensive ticket to see the world and enjoy "a meaningful experience," but rather a basic encounter of one human being with another in the spirit of complete human friendship.

At any rate an old Japanese in the delegation who had seemed to be dozing while I was talking, was suddenly wide awake. He looked sharply at Al, and, through the interpreter, asked, "Where did you get your humanism?" Al's answer was rather discursive, involving his growing up in the South and awareness of racial conflict, his experiences at a particularly good college (Antioch), and finally,. the most interesting part, "the songs my mother taught me." It did not include any mention of religious faith.

And I thought to myself, " This is a wise old Japanese, and also a wise young American. But what is amazing is that the young American states a rather simple, obvious tenet of Christianity and Western tradition, and the old Japanese is so surprised to see that he really means it that he immediately wants to know where he learned it. How many phony Christians this Japanese must have met, how many disappointing Westerners!"

It is impossible to describe the Peace Corps in the Philippines except as the sum of the work and the experience of 800 Volunteers who have gone there There were the Al Bradfords, the Sue Johnsons, the Parker Borgs, the Dave Lewises, the obvious successes And there were some who quit and went home, and others who had to be sent home, and others who wanted to quit but stuck it out because they had too much pride and guts to quit, and still others, the majority who just went on from day to day and did a solid, unspectacular job. At any rate in every country where Volunteers have worked, including the Philippines, the governments have asked for more, far more than the Peace Corps could ever supply at the present rate of recruitment. And so by this test, which is the supreme test, the Peace Corps would seem to be a success.

TO SOME of us, in fact, the Peace Corps may be more than just a successful new departure in American foreign policy, more than a noble experiment in relation between nation and nation, between race and race between man and man. It may be part of what Père Teilhard de Chardin was talking about in *The Phenomenon of Man,* a step forward and upward in the continuing evolution of human life on the globe. It may be part of the process he describes by which the world is contracting and coalescing, by which the tension and the speed and the ingenuity of human thought is increasing. These young Volunteers in the Philippines struggling with the problems of adjusting to a strange culture and a strange people, struggling with the prob

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lems of teaching English and science to strange little kids, will never think or feel the same again about the world as they did before they left their native land. For the most part I believe that they will, as a result of their experience, be far better able to contribute those qualities of mind and heart that will be needed in the time that lies ahead, if ever man is to harness the atom, to perfect the United Nations and to devise instruments of world government strong and efficient enough to stop mankind from destroying itself.

A few days before Sue Johnson completed her tour of duty in the Philippines I saw her in Manila. I said to her, "Sue, when you get on that plane, will you be glad or sad?" And she said, "I think I'll be more sad than glad." I said, "Why?" And she said, "Because I really love these people."

Père Teilhard put it this way, "Mankind, the spirit of the earth, the synthesis of individuals and peoples, the paradoxical conciliation of the elements with the whole, and of unity with multiples—all these are called Utopian and yet they are biologically necessary. And for them to be incarnated in the world all we may well need is to imagine our power of loving developing until it embraces the total of men and of the earth."

The Ties to Moscow Are Loosening

Rumania Looks West

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

AS YET the inside story of Rumania's defiance of the Soviet Union is known only to a handful of top-ranking Communist officials who were themselves protagonists in the maneuvering. Only public statements and overt acts provide guideposts to reconstruct step by step the most dramatic and portentous development in the continuing fragmentation process of Communism since the Sino-Chinese schism.

Rumania's assertion of independence and her refusal to support Khrushchev in his ideological war with the Chinese was obvious for all to see during August's celebration marking the twentieth anniversary of a "people's Rumania." While the arrival in Bucharest of Bulgarian and East German representatives was billed at the top of page one, Anastas I. Mikoyan, the President of the Soviet Union, rated mention only at the bottom of the page. During the grand review on August 23, Rumania's boss Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej gave Chinese Politburo member Li Hsien-nien the same honor he gave Mikoyan. But departing from past practice, pictures of Soviet leaders were not carried by the paraders and the Rumanian party newspaper *Scinteia* mentioned the Soviet role in liberating Rumania only as an afterthought, preferring instead to glorify the role of native Communists in freeing Bucharest, even though most of the country's one thousand party members were actually in jail at the time and the anti-German coup of August 23, 1944, for which they are now claiming credit, was the work of King Michael.

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Gheorghiu-Dej was in great good humor during the festivities, turning crimson with laughter on several occasions, obviously enjoying being master in his own country. Possessed of an uncanny survival ability, he has managed to remain party secretary since 1944. Pliant to the whims of Stalin's paranoia, he purged first suspected Titoists in the party and later the Jews. Under Gheorghiu-Dej Rumania remained Stalinist long after Khrushchev had defiled Stalinism. The Rumanian party boss held his country firmly in grip and quiescent while Hungary and Poland were in revolt in October, 1956, and in 1958 was rewarded for his loyalty by the withdrawal of Soviet occupation troops from Rumanian soil. Not until much later did Gheorghiu-Dej make the first cautious moves to improve relations with the West, still trailing Soviet policy.

Rumania's policy of independence may have germinated in Gheorghiu-Dej's mind sometime during 1962. The split between Peking and Moscow had moved beyond possible reconciliation so long as Mao and Khrushchev remained alive. Worried by the Chinese peril on his long Siberian flank, Khrushchev ignored occasional Rumanian assertions of independence. Bucharest resumed full diplomatic relations with Albania in defiance of the continued Soviet boycott and on one occasion even voted against Russia in the U.N. on a proposal to create an atom-free zone in Latin America. Perhaps Khrushchev's withdrawal of missiles in the confrontation with the United States in October, 1962, convinced Gheorghiu-Dej that Soviet military might was no longer so menacing, nor Soviet armed interven-

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tions as likely to be used as an instrument of national policy.

Fighting a seemingly losing battle against China to hold the loyalty of Communist parties in Asia and Africa, and pressed in the West by the growing economic power of the Common Market, Khrushchev sought to weld the East European Satellites to the Soviet Union by integrating their economies through a division of labor. But Gheorghiu-Dej balked at Rumania's assigned role as a producer of food and petroleum products, which would have forever made his country a Soviet dependency. The battle was waged last year behind the closed doors of the Council for Mutual Economic Aid (COMECON), of which the Soviet Union and the Satellites are members. Gheorghiu-Dej envisioned an industrialized Rumania but the Soviets refused to provide the needed assistance to finance the huge Rumanian steel manufacturing complex at Galati.

AS IS so often the case with internecine Communist disputes, the Soviet-Rumanian quarrel broke into full view in a curious, roundabout way. On April 22 of this year, the Central Committee of the Rumanian Workers Party issued a lengthy statement proclaiming the sovereign right of each Communist state to mold its own policies. "There does not and cannot exist a 'parent' party and a 'son' party, parties that are subordinate, but there exists the great family of Communist and workers parties which have equal rights," proclaimed the Rumanians. At the same times the Rumanians exerted themselves behind the scenes to dissuade Khrushchev from calling a world Communist summit which would anathematize the Chinese. Rumania's challenge had become defined as both economic and ideological.

But still the battle was not joined in public. This came when, on June 13, the Bucharest weekly review *Viata Economica* condemned the proposal of an obscure Soviet professor named E. B. Valev, made in a Moscow University journal, for the establishment of an industrial-agricultural region in the lower Danube valley, including much of Rumania. The Rumanians saw in the Valev proposal an attempt to relegate their country to the status of an agricultural dependency of the Soviet Union.

Said *Viata Economica:* "This is a plan for the violation of the territorial integrity of Rumania, for dismembering its national and state unity."

The showdown had been precipitated by Rumanian moves to obtain capital equipment from the West for their industrialization program, as well as by overt Soviet criticism made in three *Izvestia* articles in the first week of June. In May a Rumanian delegation headed by Deputy Premier Gheorghe Gaston-Marin arrived in Washington to obtain from the U.S. industrial equipment to be financed by credits guaranteed by the Export-Import Bank. At about the same time the Rumanians concluded a trade expansion agreement with Italy, which was followed in July by a visit of another Rumanian Deputy Premier, Gogu Radescu, to Milan. On July 26 Rumanian Premier Ion Gheorghe Maurer came to Paris to conclude economic and cultural agreements with France and for good measure praised de Gaulle as the "eminent personality of our epoch." On August 13, the Rumanian Ambassador in London, Alexandry Lazareanu called a press conference at which he appealed for expanded British trade.

From a hurried end-of-May Moscow visit by Chivu Stoica, a Rumanian Politburo member, as well as Soviet broadcasts urging Bucharest to stop seeking expanded trade with the West, and the subsequent denouement of the crisis, it can be surmised that the Russians tried to bully the Rumanians into retreat, possibly threatening an economic boycott, but finally capitulated themselves. It ended with *Izvestia* publishing an abject apology on July 3, stating that Professor Valev's views were "fundamentally wrong and not in line with Soviet Communist party policy which seeks to strengthen economic ties with fraternal countries on the basis of the principle of equal rights and sovereignty." Rumania's victory seems to have been complete, for it has since continued to oppose Khrushchev's call for a world Communist summit. Yet during the August 23 celebration in Bucharest Mikoyan expressed satisfaction with bilateral cooperation "based on sovereignty and and respect of equal rights."

The Rumanian-Soviet clash was essentially a confrontation of two Communist oligarchies, each possessing its own territorial base and state apparatus. The Rumanian masses did not greatly influence party policy. In fact they were deliberately brought into play only after Gheorghiu-Dej and his associates had decided to defy Khrushchev. Only then were rallies held denouncing Soviet meddling in Rumania's affairs. The Rumanian government also abrogated the compulsory teaching of Russian in Rumanian schools, to the considerable satisfaction of students.

The Rumanian government also decided, apparently without any noticeable popular pressure, to release several thousand political prisoners, make the travel by Western tourists in Rumania easier, and allow some

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Western cultural influence in the country. Thus the Bucharest magazine *Lumea* (World) ventured to publish the translation of Walter Lippmann's critical assessment of Senator Goldwater. Translations of certain Western "novels of protest" by Steinbeck, Dos Passos, Sartre, Moravia, Hemingway, Graham Greene and Faulkner have appeared in Rumanian bookstores. Western travelers report being besieged by young Rumanians seeking information about the Beattles, rock'n' roll and the taste of Coca-Cola.

But even though people no longer draw heavy prison sentences for repeating jokes about the regime, Rumania remains in many ways a Stalinist-type dictatorship. Essentially what has taken place, to use Maurice Couve de Murville's cumbersome but apt phrase, is a "desatellization" of the Rumanian state, rather than a "liberalization" of the dictatorship. It may be that having asserted its independence while still remaining closely allied with the Soviet Union in the military Warsaw Pact and COMECON, the Rumanian dictatorship may gradually be pushed, through contact with the West and sheer economic necessity, to concede a greater degree of individual and intellectual freedom. But this is to divine the future.

Pope Paul's First Encyclical

A Conversational Letter

JOHN COGLEY

ON THE WHOLE, Pope Paul's first encyclical did not receive an enthusiastic reception outside the Church, and many within the Church were disappointed as well. In the first instance, of course, *Ecclesiam Suam* was poorly reported in the secular press and on television. This is understandable—the encyclical is a discursive, densely reasoned, carefully balanced document which reflects the complex and basically cautious mind of its highly intellectual author. I can see how newswriters not at home in theological territory would have trouble finding a general-interest angle in it and would settle for playing up the Holy Father's brief references to Communism. But many people seeing the familiar old headlines about Communism under a Vatican City dateline felt no need to read further.

From various sources, after the encyclical came out, I heard that the new Pope had turned his back on Pope John, or at least Pope John's policies. The judgment was reported sadly or with a certain perverse satisfaction. But it turned out that in no single case had any of those who spoke this way actually read the encyclical. Their impressions were gained from headlines.

Such criticisms from people who don't bother to read what they feel free to denounce perhaps should not be taken too seriously. One thing to be learned from them, though, is that even papal thought these days is filtered through the mass media. And because this is true, the encyclical failed rhetorically. Up against the simplicity and clarity of *Pacem in Terris*, it could be too easily misunderstood or brushed aside as another Catholic cold-war call to arms. Such calls inevitably excite conservatives, who cannot seem to hear them often enough, and bore liberals, who feel that by now they distract people from other pressing issues facing the Church. Perhaps that is why William F. Buckley gave *Ecclesiam Suam* such a resounding send-off in his syndicated column, rudely dismissing Pope John as a saintly muddle-head in the course of it, while so many liberals were quickly convinced that Pope John's revolution had come to a stand-still and that the Vatican would soon be doing the same old dreary anti-Communist business at the same old stand.

The remarkable thing, though, is that if there is any one dominant note in the encyclical, it is that the present Holy Father is pursuing, and in many cases deepening, the thought of Pope John. The trouble may be that Pope Paul felt it necessary to say unmistakably what his predecessor tactfully left unsaid—the "enigmatic silence" the *National Review* laments. For example, John suggested that the Church should not despair of entering into a dialogue with all comers, including the Communists. Paul expresses the same hope even more explicitly, but he looks squarely at the difficulties such a dialogue will entail. ". . . . it is not so much that we condemn these systems and regimes as that they express their radical opposition to us in thought and deed. . . . Dialogue in such conditions

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is very difficult, not to say impossible, although even today we have no preconceived intentions of excluding the persons who profess these systems and belong to these regimes. For the lover of truth, discussion is always possible."

Pope Paul goes on to say that it is the duty of the head of the Church to seek for the motives hidden in the heart of modern atheists which impel them to reject the very idea of God. The Pope recognizes that the moral and intellectual failures of believing people have played a part in turning men from religion. His *maxima culpa,* said for all of us, is not lacking in the encyclical. The Holy Father also considers the proposition that modern atheism is based on scientific theory as well as disposition and states flatly that the theory is false and that reason itself can show that it is false. (This was interpreted by some as stiff-necked; but the Pope could hardly agree that the case for atheism is based on a true scientific understanding of the universe, could he?)

The Pope actually commends the social concern, the "noble sentiment" and "impatience with the mediocrity and self-seeking of so many contemporary social settings" found among atheists, and he concludes the section by underscoring the pivotal distinction Pope John drew between erroneous philosophical systems and the movements, always subject to change, that grow out of such systems. In this distinction, the new Pope finds hope that even those who now seem unwilling to speak to and with the representatives of religion "may one day be able to enter into a more positive dialogue with the Church than the present one that we now of necessity deplore and lament." The current "dialogue" he deplores and laments is, of course, that one-sided confrontation in Eastern Europe and elsewhere where the Church's expression of itself is confined to the witness given by the suffering, persecution, and martyrdom of its members.

I CAN SEE nothing in any of this that Pope John might be likely to deny; nor is there any unspoken repudiation of the general line of John's thought in the new encyclical.

The difference—and clearly there is one or *Ecclesiam Suam* would not have gotten such a chilly reception—is based perhaps on the style and personalities of the two pontiffs. John was primarily an activist; Paul is an intellectual. For a golden hour right after *Pacem in Terris* came out, it looked as if John's policies might be leading to the kind of situation which his successor is now vocally hoping for. It is possible, in a word, that Pope John's extraordinary statesmanship, *pace* Mr. Buckley, might have been of greater benefit to the Catholics behind the Iron Curtain than still one more denunciation of Communism.

No one can say for sure, for no one can say what would have happened had Pope John lived longer. But perhaps he, too, would have been forced, lest he be misunderstood by the faithful tempted to Communism, to break his "enigmatic silence." For it is sadly true that John's failure to repeat the standard denunciation of Communism was taken in some circles as a kind of indifferentism. Moreover, while the Church let up on the anti-Communist drive during his regime, the Communists did not let up on their anti-religious drive; rather, they have stepped it up since his death.

It cannot be denied, then, that Pope Paul has to live with the fact that John's policies were not totally successful. To be sure, they might have been, had he lived. But he did not live, and his successor now clearly feels obliged to dot the *i*'s and cross the *t*'s, so there won't be any further misunderstanding of the basic attitude of Catholicism toward Communism and, more important, of the persistent attitude of Communism toward all religion.

Facing up to these harsh facts, however, does not mean that the possibility of dialogue which John envisioned is forever out of the question. It may rather be the first step in getting that dialogue under way. A candid acknowledgement of difficulties need not be the end of dialogue; it could be a fruitful, unsentimental beginning.

There is, of course, much more to *Ecclesiam Suam* than Pope Paul's brief references to Communism. The encyclical, in fact, is a profoundly theological treatment of Christian mystery, and its theology is very much in line with recent developments in Catholic thought, as Father Gregory Baum pointed out. It is clearly the work of a thinker who is still probing the inexhaustible meaning of the Church itself. It might have been the work of a speculative theologian for it is not a strongly "papalist" document, though it reaffirms the centrality of the Papacy in Catholic theology. (This upset another group of the encyclical's critics, the instant ecumenicists who apparently never got the argument about collegiality straight.)

To put it squarely, I think it a shame that the encyclical got such a poor press and promises to be so quickly forgotten. It is even more of a shame that it was ever dragged into the petty polemics of our national conservative-liberal political debate. It deserved more attention, and better attention, than it got because it is a thoroughly satisfactory, enriching study of the Church in the modern world—a *causerie* as one Catholic writer called it, perhaps, but also a remarkable insight into the thinking of the Pontiff who has been called to lead the Church through the crucial period ahead.

Pope Paul did not intend *Ecclesiam Suam* to be a didactic encyclical, like *Pacem in Terris;* rather, it was written "merely to communicate a fraternal and infor-

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mal message . . . simply to fulfill our duty of revealing our mind to you." The Pope admitted candidly that the ideas he put forth in it were not fully developed and referred to the encyclical as a "conversational letter." Given those limited ends, *Ecclesiam Suam* fulfilled its purposes admirably.

Still, there is no use denying that it was a let-down after *Pacem in Terris*. The reason, I believe, is that the Holy Father broke with tradition by emphasizing the tentative nature of so much of what he had to say. We are simply not used to receiving "conversational letters" from Popes. Something more "final" was expected. The modest scope of *Ecclesiam Suam*, however, may be the best evidence of all that Pope Paul has quietly moved beyond the point of departure where his Conciliar-minded predecessor left us.

A Protestant Viewpoint

The New Encyclical

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

ONE'S ESTIMATE of *Ecclesiam Suam* depends very much on the presuppositions he brings to a reading of it, and consequently on which paragraphs he decides to highlight and emphasize. There are many forward-looking paragraphs within the document, and a few conservative ones. In assessing their relative importance, each reader will be inclined to find what he wants to find. The *Brooklyn Tablet* will no doubt have a different estimate from *The Commonweal*.

But I do not see how the overall impact of the document can fail to give support and encouragement to progressive-minded Christians within the Roman Catholic Church, and to ecumenically-minded Christians outside of it. This is as much because of what the encyclical does *not* say, as because of what it does. The Pope could have used this occasion, had he so chosen, for a fresh and ringing declaration of supreme papal authority, quite apart from the decisions of the Council fathers, in a way that would have warmed the hearts of the conservatives. He could have, gently or not so gently, let the bishops know how subordinate was their role in the teaching authority of the church. He could have defined his teaching role in total independence of the Council, and reconstituted again the older picture of papal monarchial power.

But Pope Paul did not do any of these things. Indeed, he seems to have leaned over backwards to do precisely the opposite, and to reassure the Council fathers that he waits with interest and eagerness the outcome of their corporate deliberations. He chose to put great stress on the role of the pope as one who works in conjunction with the Council. Thus *Ecclesiam Suam*, rather than being a papal declaration of independence from the Council, emerges as a kind of charter for papal cooperation with the Council. On every occasion where a doctrinal matter is raised, Pope Paul explicitly foregoes a judgment, and unfailingly states that it is for the Council to deal with such matters. He gives full support to the Council and explicitly approves Pope John's intention for the Council as one of *aggiornamento*, or bringing the church up to date. While he qualifies this support in one place with the caution that he hopes to be able to approve of what the Council proposes, in so stating he is stating nothing that is not everywhere acknowledged as a legitimate part of Roman Catholic conciliar proceedings.

All of this means that while *Ecclesiam Suam* will not go down in history as a "great" encyclical, since its content contains nothing substantially very new or very exciting, it will go down in history as a "timely" one, since it was issued at a crucial moment in Roman Catholic history when the course of the Second Vatican Council could have been crushed rather than nourished by such a document.

IT IS IN these terms that the rather generalized content of the encyclical is to be understood. On first reading it is disappointing in its lack of specific treatment of problems of the twentieth-century world. Here, after all, was an unparalleled opportunity for a vigorous and timely statement on such matters as racism, nationalism and poverty. But on further reflection, it becomes clear that the Pope, in his strong emphasis on "the dialogue with the world," is opening up an opportunity for the other bishops to make just such vigorous and timely statements when they reassemble in the fall. In effect, he has given them a green light to speak de-

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cisively and unambiguously about the ills that beset mankind today. On these terms, *Ecclesiam Suam* is an interim document only, a clearing of the way for statements from the Vatican Council that will speak not only in the name of the bishop of Rome, but of all the other bishops working in concert with him.

Beyond this overall encouragement to the concept of "collegiality," there are a number of specific points within the encyclical that offer cause for ecumenical encouragement:

1. It is interesting, and ecumenically significant, that almost all of the documentation in *Ecclesiam Suam* rests on Biblical sources. Most papal encyclicals in the past have appeared to Protestants to rely chiefly on the papal encyclicals that preceeded them, and the proportion of encyclical quotations to Biblical quotations has seemed disproportionately high. In the present document, however, the proportion is more than reversed, and by relying so heavily on Biblical authority and imagery, the Pope speaks in terms that can command an unusually high degree of Protestant assent.

2. Although the body of the encyclical seems to be a kind of extended conversation with the *venerabiles patres* of the Council, the tone and intent of the introduction is clearly aimed at a very wide audience. In a manner reminiscent of his predecessor's *Pacem in Terris,* Pope Paul desires his encyclical to be addressed "to the world" and "to all men," and not exclusively to Roman Catholics.

3. THE ORDER of development within the encyclical is cogent and convincing. From an attempt to come to a newer and deeper awareness of the true meaning of the church, the encyclical moves to a recognition that between the vision of the church thus entertained, and the reality of the church as it is visible in the world, there are serious discrepancies, and disturbing distortions by the latter of the image of the former. This recognition leads to a strong plea for the necessity of the renewal and reform of the church. Even though the Pope delineates in cautious language the extent to which real reform is possible (language that to the Protestant would be too constricting), it is nevertheless encouraging to have the central portion of the encyclical emphasizing the need for reform and renewal. It is so recently that official discussion of the church emphasized only that the church is "without spot or wrinkle," that a Protestant finds it refreshing to see reflected in a papal encyclical the conviction that there is much within the humanity of the church that is amiss. Finally, from the church *semper reformanda,* the encyclical's concern reaches out to all men, and its longest section is devoted to "the dialogue"—the dialogue with the world, with those of other religions, and with the separated brethren within Christendom.

4. In the light of discussions at the Council last fall, the encyclical's emphasis on the "mystery" of the church is highly encouraging. This is the theme of Chapter One of *De Ecclesia,* and many conservative Council fathers found themselves restive with it. Such imprecision, they felt, was ill-befitting a church they were quite prepared to describe with a few handy propositions from Aristotle. One can thus see in the encyclical a gentle rebuke to those who view the church in rational categories devoid of awe and wonder, and a significant recognition that no theological *formulae* can ever exhaust the entity they are trying to describe.

5. The Pope's emphasis on the need for a spirit of poverty is likewise important. At the Council, one of the most persistent themes of the missionary bishops, the French bishops, and a significant group of the South American hierarchy, was a plea for the church to disavow the wealth and splendor that has characterized it in the past, to get rid of bishop's palaces, to dispense with ecclesiastical finery, to identify more completely with the poor and destitute. *Ecclesiam Suam* supports and defends such concerns. One who has seen the opulence and splendor of the Vatican may not be sure just how the papacy is going to embrace the spirit of poverty, but that the call has gone forth is one of clear stresses of the encyclical.

6. The section offering analogies between the dialogue of salvation and the dialogue among men, indicating that it is God's dialogue with men that forces men into dialogue with one another, is particularly luminous. Thus "dialogue"—in danger of becoming a faddish cult for the ecumenically "in"—is rescued from the realm of expediency, or from the function of combatting Communism, and is solidly based, as it should be, on the will of God. The ways in which God enters into dialogue with his people to heal the disruptions that have occurred, are the ways in which, analogously, his children must heal the disruptions that historically have separated them. Withal, the Pope does not let emotion or enthusiasm blunt the hard facts of the dialogical situation, and his strictures against watering down the truth for the sake of a false atmosphere of serenity, are strictures that all participants in the dialogue can heartily endorse.

7. The stress on the "practical ecumenism" of working together is likewise important. The Pope makes clear that Catholics can and should join with non-Catholics in affairs of civic life where the common good is involved; in the struggle, for example, for religious liberty, human brotherhood and social welfare. Here is an area where Catholics and Protestants, sharing some things in common, can come to know one another better and thereby be able more creatively to discuss together the things they do not share in common. Nothing but good can come of such common efforts, and the more the pope stresses them, the more they are likely to be encouraged locally.

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8. There are a few places, of course, where the Protestant will find the encyclical disappointing. It has already been remarked that, on one level, it is disappointing to find so little direct comment about man's situation in the world today. Are generalities the way to cope with specific ills? Minority groups throughout the world must yearn for a clear, ringing word, condemning the systems and the attitudes that consign them to degrading inferiority in housing, economic opportunity, and so forth. Only if the Vatican Council is emboldened by this encyclical to speak on such matters in unambiguous tones, will the silence of the encyclical be tolerable.

One also feels, in certain sections, a word of warning being addressed against those who identify too closely with the world. One paragraph, indeed, would seem to be aimed directly at discouraging the resuscitation of such a movement as the "worker-priests"—an expression of social concern which, though now under full papal condemnation, remains in the opinion of non-Catholics one of the most creative expressions of the Spirit in the last half-century of Christian history. Such caution seems out of place in a document that elsewhere stirs and excites new avenues of Christian apostolate.

Finally, although the Pope rightly identifies the doctrine of the papacy as the source of greatest cleavage between Catholic and non-Catholic, his affirmation and defense of papal primacy do little more than locate the problem. Those who are separated from Rome are not going to be convinced by the few lines in which the inconsistency of their own reasoning is presumably exposed, and the encyclical, rather than "solving" this problem, can only be said to have stated it.

When these and other misgivings are noted, however, it remains true that the encyclical offers a foundation on which creative forces within the Catholic Church can build. The places where it gives comfort to the conservatives are few compared to the places where it gives opportunities to the progressives to rally behind it and move beyond it. One can predict that dozens of forward-looking speeches this fall in St. Peter's will quote *Ecclesiam Suam* for support. And if the encyclical can thereby help the Council to proceed more rapidly with the task of *aggiornamento,* it will have served its purpose.

One Man's Fancy

Hopefully, Schmopefully

WILFRID SHEED

THE RECENT critique of *Commonweal* by Norma Krause Herzfeld was the kind of shadow prospectus that haunts every enterprise. "The car has roadability," says the real prospectus; "but the steering wheel comes off in your hands," says the shadow prospectus. "Acres of rolling countryside"—"but nine-tenths of it is under swamp." "Magazine of ideas"—then again, "but kind of boring" . . .

Quite apart from its value in specific instances, this kind of thing serves a powerful cathartic purpose in the Age of Advertising. Those articles in *Consumer's Union Report* which maintain that all the luscious, cool, fragrant cigarettes you've been reading about are equally hot, noxious and fetid touch off a genuine exhilaration, like an anti-clerical joke in the middle ages. The parody-ads in *Mad* magazine even provide a fantasy version of the shadow prospectus for the younger set—the need for commercial profanation sets in early these days and stays late. It is as if we had passed from the higher forms of sacrilege down through personal-exposé to a species of thing-exposé; the new black mass would consist of a de-frocked pitchman denouncing his wares over a collapsible counter.

But *Consumer's Report* adds a sobering O. Henry twist to most of its stories, and so does Mrs. Herzfeld. After denouncing some line of goods for every conceivable kind of shoddiness and fraud, the Report turns around solemnly and says that the so-and-so is after all a pretty good refrigerator, in this imperfect world; that you won't be stung too badly if you buy a pack of x's; that once you get used to the hole in the seat, you will find a certain bleak pleasure in driving a Y. Every object on the market comes to us dripping with defects. *Consumers' Report,* like a wise old man by the fireside, reminds us of original sin, warns us not to expect too much of life, and girds us with many bits of hard-won arcania to foil the devil with.

WILFRID SHEED, author of *A Middle Class Education* (Houghton-Mifflin), and *The Hack* (Macmillan), contributes a regular column to these pages.

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Mrs. Herzfeld makes a similar point about *Commonweal.* In spite of its low amusement production, an uncertain threshold of tedium, and a curious tendency to listlessness during warm weather, it is not too bad a magazine of its kind. I can't remember Mrs. Herzfeld's indictment precisely, although I know it left out my own No. 1 grievance—the prevalence of the dangling "hopefully" in *Commonweal* editorials (as in the sentence "hopefully, things will get better." Hopefully the English language will survive this aberration.) But the point I should like to labor here *viz.* Mrs. Herzfeld's 95 theses concerns not so much their particulars as their possible application to the magazine world in general. Edmund Wilson has compared the life-span of a magazine with that of an individual: and a quick lunge with Mrs. Herzfeld's scalpel at elderly (2 years old and up) magazines in general, does turn up a surprising amount of senile tissue. "Beginning to repeat himself . . . hasn't had a new idea in years" (the children could be talking about grandpa) "smug . . . you have to shout to get him to hear you"—the elderly magazine with its two or three obsessions and its four or five jokes, its feeble attempts at animation and its basic grey style, is fair game for this kind of fond exasperation. The editors must sometimes feel that they are wheeling some old fellow about in a bathchair everytime they bring out an issue: according to Mr. Wilson, rejuvenation is out of the question. The editors can only make the long decline as comfortable as possible.

This, at least, is a useful nightmare, and I imagine that most people in the magazine game entertain it fairly regularly. The fear with any publication is that, once the first creative impulse is spent, a certain, very narrow group-taste will begin to take over. As with religious orders, the creators will gradually be replaced by the administrators and the hacks, the people who can get a respectable-looking magazine out on time every week or month. Their function will be akin to that of museum curators; their taste will probably be excellent; their respect for the original spirit of the enterprise will be, in a sense, total (hence nuns' habits; hence the *New Yorker*); the only trouble, of course, is that everything will be quite dead.

BUT THE PROCESS is not, in waking life, irreversible. By a conscious effort of will, senility can be warded off not once but at regular intervals. *The Saturday Evening Post,* Mother Hubbard of all magazines, incurably old to all appearances, has come to fitful life—lobotomized and without much character, but life nevertheless. (Character may follow.) *Esquire,* the perennial raffish uncle, the old man with the rouge on his cheeks, has done much better, passing its spirit almost intact to *Playboy* and going on to higher things itself. And even the *New Yorker,* strangled by those terrible ads (and by its own championship belt), gives an occasional encouraging twitch. The recent review by Renata Adler of Norman Podhoretz and the new critics was not only clever, that old thing, but spirited, personal and overstated, just what *New Yorker* criticism is not expected to be, but every so often is. A New Critic would never have left himself as vulnerable as Miss Adler did, nor said so much that was worth saying. (Miss Adler apparently likes books and wishes to find them good; a new critic starts out with the question, what's wrong with this book? and what will the boys at the club think if I don't find *anything* wrong with it? That is the essence of her criticism.) Miss Adler's openness and pugnacity can be read as institutional twitches, small signs of life; certainly for a moment or two the *New Yorker* looked to be in better shape than, say, the *New York Review of Books.*

But some of the staleness of magazines resides not in themselves but in the public. A couple of years ago, I came by chance across a huge pile of *Encounters,* bolted down about six in a row, and found them delicious; but a friend told me that the magazine had gone off terribly, that I should have seen the earliest numbers, etc. In point of fact, I believe that *he* had gone off, not the magazine. He should have been rotated, made to lie fallow for a while. Nothing could be more unhealthy for magazines in general than for people to go on subscribing to ones that bore them—that pile of mission magazines in the attic that keeps out other magazines by *vis inertiae,* the copies of *Country Gentleman* that you scarcely even bother to unwrap. Recently, I came across a parody of *Time*-style, à la Wolcott Gibbs: *Time* hasn't been written like that in ten years, but the legend has stagnated in memory. Verdicts on magazines freeze, and nothing the editors do makes any difference.

If readers do not respond to either decay or rejuvenation, magazines, which are only human, get confused. Boring habits are watched over and preserved like sacred trusts, because they may be the secret of success; promising experiments are dropped, because they don't seem to help. If turgid prose coincides with a healthy circulation, turgid prose may even become embalmed in a style book, and the agony is perpetuated. Moribund readers get the magazines they deserve. Lively readers, on the other hand, can only be requested to whisper a little louder, à la Mrs. Herzfeld, so that the old man can hear what they're saying.

God and Man

After casting the first act, checking sections
of scenery and mastering his rage
because the female lead blundered on page
one, he left the actors to themselves on stage
without a script and fretting for directions.

SAMUEL HAZO

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THE SCREEN

Kinesthetic Week

THE MOVIES seem to be ganging up on us this week to make us uncomfortable in the theater. Not that the films reviewed below are necessarily bad cinema; it's just that the characters presented give us muscular fatigue and make us impatient with their woes and behavior long before their stories come to their inconclusive conclusions.

Because it is so true to life and displays such first-rate cinema, the Canadian film, "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," is particularly hard to take. It tells the story of a no-longer-young couple who migrated from Dublin to Montreal with their fourteen-year-old daughter. Under Irvin Kershner's fine, sensitive direction, the couple are played to perfection by Robert Shaw, as Ginger, the charming impractical Irishman who doesn't consider his lies as lies but as compromises with the vicissitudes of life, and by Mary Ure, as Vera, his wife who finally gets fed up with Ginger and his promises and failures, especially when he doesn't land a job and secretly spends the last of their money earmarked for their return fare to Dublin. She threatens divorce, and the wonder is that she didn't leave him long ago. But several scenes make it clear that Ginger and Vera are still in love and attracted to each other in spite of his fantastic ideas about his abilities and values and in spite of her continued angry nagging.

Leon Roth's production of "Ginger Coffey" is outstanding with its poetically stark photography of Montreal in visuals that blend beautifully with the sound track's music, street noises, and the dialogue from the good script written by Brian Moore from his own novel. The large cast, which also includes Liam Redmond as the waspish newspaper editor for whom Ginger reads proof, and Tom Harvey as Ginger's friend into whose apartment Vera moves when she leaves her husband, handle this realistic dialogue expertly, especially Robert Shaw whose blarney in an Irish lilt has a maddening magic. It is, however, Shaw's Ginger who wears us out, who makes us squirm and side with Vera while her husband blithely job-hunts, turns down jobs, imposes, and gets his painful come-uppance before the rather ambiguous finale. Anyone who can stand 100 minutes of Ginger will find the grim film well worth the effort.

I CAN'T say the same about "The Ape Woman," which is probably the most exhausting and repulsive movie I've ever seen. While the male lead in this Italian film, a cheap entrepreneur named Antonio, has some of Ginger Coffey's superficial charm and is a cross between Pal Joey and Sammy Glick, the female lead is like no one else on land or sea. Poor Maria works as a kitchen slavey in a poorhouse to hide her shame: her face and body are covered with hair. Grabbing a free meal in the kitchen, Antonio discovers the girl, soft-soaps her into coming to live with him, and exhibits her in a side show as an ape woman. The show makes money which Antonio reluctantly shares with Maria. But when he takes his "freak" to a "professor" who wants her to spend a couple of days and nights with him, Maria, who has been brought up by nuns, runs back to the nuns' poorhouse. And Antonio, told off in no uncertain terms by the Mother Superior, can get Maria to return only by marrying her. The publicity display immediately after the wedding ceremony is disgusting.

Marco Ferreri, who has directed this strange picture well and even succeeds in giving the unfortunate Maria a touching dignity, insists Maria "is not the monster others see her as. It is society's treatment and exploitation that is monstrous." Whatever may be Ferreri's serious intentions, they don't exactly come through. The lead roles are well played by Ugo Tognazzi, as a mean, self-centered, Italian wheeler-dealer type, and Annie Girardot, though unpleasant to look at when hairy, succeeds in giving Maria some appeal, especially when the convent-bred girl lays down the law on morals, insists on her marriage rights, and refuses to have an abortion. The film is still, however, too painful to watch. It is interesting that the version being shown here has a different ending from the one dished up for the Italians. Over there, Maria and her baby die, and their corpses are displayed by Antonio in a new side show. No doubt this relentless finale is more in keeping with the whole appalling movie than the sickly-sweet last scenes displayed here.

I DOUBT if W. Somerset Maugham, who is worldly-wise in his cynicism, would convulse if he were to see the new version of "Of Human Bondage." The film is such an arty mess and the characters so poorly motivated that now Philip Carey is not only club-footed but also club-minded. The interesting, exceedingly long original novel followed Philip's boyhood and manhood with credible development. This movie concentrates only on the story of Philip's affairs with the sluttish Mildred. It hardly seems fair to blame the lead actors for their poor performances; in any case neither Kim Novak nor Laurence Harvey has much heart for what's going on. The film's director was changed in mid-stream, so one hardly know whether to point a finger at Henry Hathaway or Ken Hughes. Readers of the novel will be surprised to find that Bryan Forbes's screenplay accentuates sex, Mildred's later career as a whore, and her syphilitic demise. Perhaps the whole thing should have been called just "Phil and Millie."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

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Sociological Perspectives on Anti-Semitism

Anti-Semitism. By James Parkes. Quadrangle Books. $5.

by Michael D. Zeik

JAMES PARKES is a distinguished Anglican clergyman who, over the past forty years, has devoted himself to the study of Jewish history. This latest volume on anti-semitism has attracted the attention and praise of several outstanding Protestant thinkers including Reinhold Niebuhr.

Negroes, Italians, Puerto Ricans, Hungarians, etc., have all at various times and in various places been the victims of prejudice. What then makes anti-semitism unique, asks Parkes. The central thesis of the book lies precisely at this point: "Jewish history is unique: the reaction of Jews and their neighbors to that history is the reaction of ordinary human beings." The history is unique; for, while Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Italians, etc., have all been minorities in some part of the world or other, at some time or other only the Jews have been for the last two thousand years a minority everywhere. But the reaction to the Jews, says Parkes, is the normal fear and suspicion of the outsider; so that anti-semitism differs in degree, not in kind, from other group prejudices.

I do not, myself, find the latter observation acceptable. Mr. Parkes, I believe has made a valuable autopsy on the body of the problem, but his scalpel has somehow missed the soul. A Charles Journet, a Jacques Maritain—not to mention a St. Paul (in *Romans,* 9, 10, and 11)—does not find the Jewish problem so exclusively a sociological one. And yet I find this book a valuable one.

Valuable because Maritain and Journet themselves have to be balanced. We live in an age which has come to recognize that many of the ailments which afflict the human species are neither purely physical nor purely mental, but psychosomatic. If Parkes gives us only the sociological body of the problem, he gives us a good deal. What the reader must do for himself is somehow to infuse this sociological body with the theological soul of the problem. Let me suggest how beautifully Parkes and Maritain complement one another.

For Maritain, Israel has a two-fold contribution to make in the history of salvation. First of all, after centuries of preparation, Israel gives Christ to the world. But, contrary to the opinion of many, the full tale is not told. Not having recognized Him Whom they brought forth, Israel is assigned the temporal vocation of leavening history, moving it forward. Israel, which is really not "of the world," is yet at the heart of the world, writes Maritain, "to irritate it, to exasperate it, to *move* it." He compares it to some foreign substance or living yeast which gives the world no quiet, teaches it dissatisfaction with the status quo, allows it no rest while true justice and the kingdom of God have not yet been attained. And, of course Israel experiences the Newtonian rewards of those who disturb the world's inertia. Every action produces an equal and opposite reaction.

I submit that, from the Christian point of view, Maritain has made about the deepest penetration of the problem that has yet appeared. Can Parkes add anything of value to it? Plenty. By way of putting sociological, historical flesh on bony theological insights.

As Arthur Cohen has also made clear in *The Natural and the Supernatural Jew,* emancipation came as something of a cultural shock to the 18th- and 19th-century Jew. Indeed, it produced a rather sharp conflict *within* Jewry. The Talmud had provided a portable intellectual world for the Jew during his exile; the literature, art and science of the Gentile world had not been a practical temptation—they were simply not open.

Now they were open, says Parkes, and many Jews stepped out into this brave new world—particularly into the liberal political movements that were everywhere challenging "the old regime" in Europe. But those Jews who departed from their traditional religious studies to embrace these new movements found themselves, for all practical purposes, excommunicated from their previous tightly-knit communities. This, argues Parkes, is the reason why "the emancipated Jews threw themselves with more enthusiasm than discretion into the battle, just because their boats were burnt behind them, and they could not possibly return to . . . the old world of the ghetto and the orthodox synagogue."

Moreover, as the Jews entered the main stream of European life, they found that the stable jobs and the positions in established trade guilds were already filled, and in any case denied them. Therefore, the most enterprising of them were impelled to discover *new* ways of earning a living. These Jewish pioneers, mercantile, political or whatever, attracted much attention. There were other pioneers besides the Jews, to be sure; but the voices of these were modulated by the older traditions of which they were still somehow a part, if only by habit. The "Jewish group was, as it were, one hundred percent 19th Century, and saw the century as a wholly new world. . . "

I like this approach because I think it spells out in sociological, historical terms, much of Maritain's thesis regarding the Jew as gadfly in the temporal progress of the world. The Jews themselves have a wry kind of joke about their special vocation among the nations. One orthodox Jew reminds another about the high dignity of being a chosen race. The other, reflecting on the historical price-tag attached to this dignity, suggests in reply: "Maybe God could choose somebody else for awhile?" That Parkes, himself, may suspect anti-semitism involves more than cut-and-dried sociology, is suggested by the fact that he altered the title of the last chapter to read "The Sterilization," rather than "The Elimination," of Prejudice. The staying power of both the Jews, and, un-

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ortunately, the prejudice against them, exceeds reasonable expectations. A very old saying has it that "Nothing great enters the life of man without sorrow.

All Things At Once

All Women Are Fatal. By Claude Mauriac. George Braziller. $4.95.

by Alice Mayhew

CLAUDE MAURIAC is engaged, in his novels, in justifying the "increasing presence . . . of writer-heroes in the works of writers." And so he, himself, is triply present in his own books —twice as a man named Bertrand Carnéjoux, who is both the object of his observations and the subject who makes them, and once as Mauriac himself who intrudes into his own novels to discuss them and himself, and to rub elbows with the other characters. He has written a suite of four novels thus far, three of which have by now appeared in English. Together they are titled *The Interior Dialogue* (though Carnéjoux calls *his* suite *Communication*) and they concern the mysterious and tricky technique of communication with others, and among one's selves.

From a technical point of view, Bertrand Carnéjoux, the hero-writer-subject, the "I" of all Mauriac's remarks, is fascinated by movie-making and philosophical treatises. His novels and Mauriac's are an amalgamation of these two elements: the first represents a move toward extreme realism in which the author seeks to "invent" the minimum and achieve "exactitude" in beauty; and the second represents an attempt to comprehend whatever unity underlies the multiplicity of events and persons. Mauriac and Carnéjoux, his alter-ego, are also heirs to Proustian investigations of the transcendence of time—the discovery that consciousness is not chronological, but immediate as well as cumulative.

Mauriac speaks often of the "reality of time"; that man lives both within and out of it. The sum of facts, therefore, both defies and annihilates time and is symbolic of the complicity between man's temporal engagements and his eternalness. It is this existentialist theme that Mauriac's novels invade.

The same characters appear and reappear in all of his novels, but they do not change, that is, they bear perpetually the same relationship to each other. At the bottom of all this lies a personal obsession about the inevitability of solitude and the mystery of communion (thus, the "interior" nature of the "dialogue"). One Mauriac personage affects another, if he does, principally by being a constant reminder that each is entirely replaceable for the other, that all men are interchangeable, all women are fatal, that each encounter is a reminder of our habitual aridity. Conversation is to be understood as simultaneous monologue.

All Women Are Fatal was the first of Mauriac's novels though, disconcertingly, it was the third to be published here. Carnéjoux, the novelist, has indeed also written this novel under the title, *The Metaphysics of Physical Passion,* and he discusses it in Mauriac's second book, *The Dinner Party.* With his eyes on the sales figures, perhaps, Carnéjoux changed his title to *Sober Pleasures,* while Mauriac used the title of an old French song for *his* book; but sober indeed are the pleasures of M. Carnéjoux' sexual encounters. Earlier, in fact, during the course of *All Women* (when Carnéjoux is planning the very book he is appearing in), he had thought of other titles which again suggest the dominant paradox: *The Truths of Love* or *The Solitude of Pleasure.*

All of these, the same book, recount four episodes in the life of Bertrand Carnéjoux (the name literally means flesh and games) at the ages of 33, 38, 42 and 25, in that order. Each is an account of specific event when, in a crisis of passion, an act of love or a loss of affiliation or desire, the impossibility of love is especially typified.

All these failures are symbolized by sexual encounters because, one supposes, they represent an ultimate attempt to contact another human being. But sex is a poor religion for, unlike his father François, Claude's preoccupation is not with morality in the traditional sense (nor, by the same token, with immorality in the shocking or scandalous sense), but with metaphysical man. To put it another way, with man's ability to transcend the limits which enjoin him from any real joy. "Never to burn for anyone . . . is ultimately a form of anguish."

This first novel, more limited thematically and less pyrotechnically brilliant, is not the achievement of his later two. In *The Dinner Party,* in which eight people monologue simultaneously to themselves and each other, he has joined far more complex observations, and in *The Marquise Goes Out at Five,* Mauriac evokes, during the time span of one hour, not only the mind of Carnéjoux in its entire cogitative spectrum, but an extremely complicated environment.

By the third book, one knows a great deal about the mind of Mauriac and Carnéjoux and, also, the convolutions of style and manner have been elucidated. Significantly, in the *Marquise,* Carnéjoux has retired from the world to contemplate, not his pleasures but the meaning of his pleasures. In this book and in his fourth, *L'Aggrandissement,* Mauriac again employs a virtuoso scheme by which his is triply present: "a novelist, animated by a novelist whom I, myself a novelist, have put into a novel." In the fourth, the novelist prepares a book, evokes a former book and in so doing makes a present one. This attempt to dramatize both subjectivity and objectivity at the same time, to treat them at once on all three levels of abstraction is a major conception.

There is, of course, the inherent danger of monotony. The incessant analysis and mass of detail may have the cumulative effect of a telephone book. "What's the use of seeing if you can't see everything?" Carnéjoux asks, but his own purification, his literal exactitude inclines to a stiltedness that dams the rush of intellectual and psychological intuition. We see more but we do not always see better.

However, like his literary mentor Nathalie Sarraute, Mauriac's lucidity transforms the minutiae into a tremendous equation. "Man," he concludes, "has his states of grace which escape any chronicle"; but his own

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chronicles admit their shadowy existence. Mauriac is by no means an easy writer, but his vision is particular and severely absorbing.

A Basic Ambiguity

The Academic Man in the Catholic College. By John D. Donovan, Sheed and Ward. $6.

by John McDermott

THIS WORK of John Donovan is an excellent extension of the well-known statements on Catholic higher education by Monsignor John Tracy Ellis, Thomas O'Dea, Justus Lawler and the running series of commentaries in THE COMMONWEAL. Sponsored by the Catholic Commission on Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, under the tireless and perceptive leadership of Father William J. Rooney, this study attempts to support sociologically the previous generalizations about Catholics and the intellectual life.

The study is based on a questionnaire that penetrates to the core problems. The maze of statistics, puzzling at first, shows that Mr. Donovan knows the problems and concerns of the Catholic college faculty. This impression is depressively verified by the thumbnail sketches of six professors as drawn from the questionnaires and interviews. Anyone who has taught in a Catholic college will recognize here the classic tensions of religious-lay relationships, the pressure generated by a large number of economically pressed faculty without doctorates and the tangle of motivations emerging from the missiological basis on which many of these institutions still rest. In effect, the statistically based sociological analysis and the faculty profiles are of the same texture.

Mr. Donovan's study is limited to "Catholic male religious and laymen who are full-time faculty members in undergraduate and graduate schools of arts, sciences, business and education in Catholic coeducational and men's colleges. Statistically, this group comprised 7,847 faculty members, or 70 per cent of the *total* faculty in such schools in Catholic higher education." This excludes the Catholic colleges for women and, more critically, Catholic academicians on the staffs of non-Catholic institutions. Mr. Donovan says of this last group that "there appear to be *a priori* grounds for hypothesizing important differences in their backgrounds and professional roles as compared to their confreres in Catholic institutions."

This seems to be fundamentally correct, although when analyzing this sample, we should not overlook the substantial number of Catholic professors, with similar backgrounds to those in the survey, who have fled from Catholic institutions under various pressures. After all, as this study indicates, it is very possible to recruit faculty from Catholic institutions for positions in non-Catholic institutions, but it would seem that the reverse is highly unlikely except in isolated instances. Thereby the handful of really first-rate Catholic institutions find themselves aligned with a series of inferior schools that share doctrinal origins but are in no way equal in academic excellence.

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world of higher education does not make such important distinctions in arriving at their evaluations, and thus leads to what Donovan describes as "an unsettling feeling" on the part of many Catholic college faculties that they are outside the "mainstream of American education." Those of us who have been concerned with these questions have made judgments of this kind for many years. It is very significant that such subtle but pervasive and powerful states of unrest are explicated and grounded by a study like this.

Mr. Donovan summarizes his work as comprising a statement of the facts, problems and projections relative to the academic man in the Catholic college, as derived from the questionnaire and interviews. The facts concern the origins of the institutional type, the Catholic college, in its relationship to higher education overall, as well as the background of the men involved. Although we must be careful not to undercut the complexity of Mr. Donovan's judgment in these matters, it would be fair to state that one generalization, thoroughly supported, points to the historical and continuing primacy of non-intellectual goals of these institutions and their members.

From such a context, then, certain problems naturally flow. For one thing, "What is the meaning of the adjective 'Catholic,' as a qualifier of the noun 'higher education'?" For another, "How can the Catholic college realize its intellectual goals and at the same time function within the separate and different structures of religious and professional authority?" And what of the entire range of problems connected with the secondary status of the "lay" professor and those serious difficulties caused by an over-extension of resources as due largely to what Mr. Donovan calls the "self-interest of congregations and of regions" over against "national and church concerns."

Further, the projections, tentatively offered by Mr. Donovan, seem to be but a continuation of the problems. It is his judgment that on the basis of the most recent data, Catholic education, with some positive adjustments, will for the most part continue the historical pattern, repeat the mistakes and "still futher outstrip the financial and personnel resources necessary for excellence."

Now couldn't it be argued that non-Catholic institutions of higher education also have serious problems, and that this book is but another instance of the hyper-critical stance recently taken by some Catholics? I think not, for the problems in non-sectarian higher education, staggering as they are, more directly reflect the problems of the culture as a whole, and for the most part, can be seen as a necessary function of overall cultural growth.

But the difficulties that plague the Catholic college seem so unreal, so unnecessary and so out of date. Mr. Donovan shows clearly that the immigrant history of American Catholicism can no longer serve to explain away these problems. Rather, they can be traced to the basic ambiguity at the very foundation of Catholic participation in higher education. Granted that there are a few outstanding exceptions, the real issue is that Catholic institutions of higher learning are still hung up on the question as to whether they are involved in catechetics or education.

The Mafia

The Honored Society. By Norman Lewis. Putnam's. $5.

by Geoffrey Wagner

"HOW STRANGE," writes Norman Lewis in this terrifying study of the Mafia, "that the custom of vendetta of Corsica, Sardinia, and Sicily —whose peoples have presumably been separated for thousands of years —should be so similar in all its curious detail." I was looking forward to this book for a variety of reasons: I admire Lewis' writing, have lived in Corsica on and off for a decade, and was in Sicily during the period of some of what he describes.

There is a Corsican joke about one of their Deputies opening a debate in the French House by telling the assembly, "Corsica is an island." There were cat-calls from opponents —"We know that," etc. "But what you don't know," replied the Deputy, "is that Corsica is an island *surrounded by water.*" Good enough. The sea has characterized the mentality of these islands, for the sea has brought only enemies. Originally, therefore, the vendetta arose as a sort of *de facto* government in the teeth of a brutal hegemony imposed from without. When "official" justice was a joke, you imposed your own from within. The nearest analogy would be to the French resistance in the last war.

So Lewis several times points out that "the traditional Mafia chieftains saw themselves not as delinquents but as self-made aristocracy of the intelligence." (This is the chief flaw of his book—the repetition of expository material, probably owing to pressures of serial publication in the *New Yorker.*) The old Corsican *caporali* were just this, in fact. You were besting the outsider, showing what an indigene could do. When Lucky Luciano returned to Sicily, he had to drop prostitution as a racket since it offended the "honor" of the old *mafiosi.* Luciano excused himself by explaining that "foreign women, to him, were only half human."

This, then, is how the system worked on such islands until overlords (such as the Genoese or Pisans) found they could exploit the vendetta in a *divide et impera* ruse, setting family against family. Fortunately for Corsica, at any rate, that island achieved a brief independence under Paoli, when the homicide rate dropped startlingly (though still horrifying Voltaire). It never seems to have done so on Sicily, where Lewis estimates Palermo as recently having the highest rate of death by violence of any town in the world, and where in one Sicilian village not long ago there were one hundred and fifty Mafia executions in a year (not to count the torture and "slips on steps," etc., in police jails).

First the Inquisition, then the feudal overlords, then the unifiers, then Mussolini (who, in suppressing the Mafia, proceeded almost as idiotically as the Allies in restoring it), then the separatists, and so on. The pattern is tragically familiar and has produced its own nemesis. Between 1951 and 1961 more than 10% of the Sicilians decided to emigrate. They did so largely to factories in the north,

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where they now vote solidly Communist. Depopulation in Corsica is estimated at about a quarter of the island's strength between 1936 and 1954.

There have been no Corsican politicians of any distinction, while, in Sicily, according to Lewis, "government is seen at best as useless, and at worst as an evil fraud: a conspiracy of visibly corrupt politicians, lawyers and policemen, abetted where necessary by criminals." I could cite a parallel passage in Jean Galien's recent novel of Corsican life—but then he's a Communist.

However, there the analogies end. Sicily is the slum of Western Europe. Common-market commissions depart, baffled. Every Allied soldier who slogged through Southern Italy remembers those mangy but valuable mules being driven into the room where the family slept. But in Sicily Professor Pampiglione of Rome University found one cavern housing nightly "three humans, a donkey, a mule, four goats and twelve hens." To cap this find, the room was the local bakery, Lewis gives an almost unbelievable report of Palermo's Ucciardone prison, to which menaced senior *mafiosi* "retire," there to end their days like potentates, sending out for meals and prostitutes. He might usefully have mentioned that subjugation of these island enclaves was traditionally effected by confiscating arms. This left local populaces unable to defend themselves against animals, let alone the Saracen and Moor. For these reasons, arms-carrying always had a special dignity, and still has.

The chief service Lewis has effected in this book has been to shatter once and for all the Robin-Hood myth of Salvatore Giuliano, the bandit who once held two divisions in check with a hundred men, but who rapidly degenerated into a publicity-hungry Mafia tool, and was shot in his bed by a henchman. Indeed, how the great Corsican bandits of the past would have despised this loutish thug, machine-gunning women and children during religious festivals. Giuliano's appalling story shows finally how cut off from any expression of the peasantry the Mafia became in Sicily, where it still totters on, a tool of feudalism.

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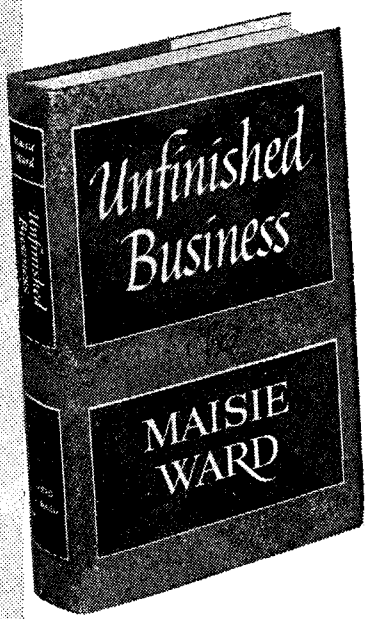

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